

Home Truth

by peppersnot

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Summary: Kageyama deals with knowing that Hinata Shouyou may or may not be completely infatuated with him. Or maybe it's the other way around, but he's never going to admit that.

Home Truth

notes: this was originally a 300 word drabble which somehow became...this...

there is a severe lack of kagehina fanfics and i demand that this issue be solved. i'm eternally grateful for the existence of AO3 b/c i would have died by now if not.

i always see fics about people thinking weird stuff and hating themselves for it. so why not hate the other? idk this kinda happened to someone i know irl so i implemented it into a fic. all my fics have something to do with what happens to people i know. weird.

but well yeah, enjoy kageyama having a crisis and spend a few seconds into dropping a review! it'd mean a lot to me :)

crossposted on AO3 peppersnot, as well as on tumblr yabunayya

* * *

><p>"I think Shouyou likes you," Nishinoya-san told him after practice. "Like, likes you."

Hinata was currently yelling at Tsukishima for making fun of his height. Kageyama froze at the comment. "Excuse me?"

Noya-san nodded enthusiastically. "He stares at you when you're not looking and gets this sparkle in his eyes whenever anyone talks about you, and I don't know, he just really seems to like you a

lot."

Kageyama's eyes widened. What the fuck. He looked over at Hinata, now talking to Yachi in quiet tones " which would have surprised him to no end, on a normal day, but this was hardly a normal day, was it? His brain was overloaded with this new information Noya-san had supplied. Hinata liked him? Since when?

"I mean, don't tell him I said that." Noya-san walked over to where Asahi-san was standing and started telling him something. Kageyama remained rooted to the spot. He watched as Hinata smiled in what looked like nervousness, and shrugged at something Yachi said before turning a bright red colour that would put his mother's apples to shame.

Hinata turned his head and their eyes met. Kageyama turned away immediately, still not being able to properly process the fact that Hinata liked him, in what Noya-san implied was more than just a friendly way.

He gulped and decided he wasn't going to dwell on this any more than necessary " which would be at all, because it wasn't necessary to dwell on this " turning to his bag and started packing his things.

On the other side of the locker room, Hinata tried to convince Yachi that he didn't like Kageyama, why would he like a dumb idiot like Kageyama, that didn't make any sense at all? She didn't buy it though, and eventually Hinata gave up on his attempts to hide his crush, turning a bright red when Yachi told him his feelings were most likely reciprocated.

Hinata thought he probably wouldn't be able to look Kageyama in the eye after this.

-oOo-

The downside of knowing " technically, it was still an assumption " about Hinata's crush on him was that now, Kageyama couldn't think of anything else when around the shorter. And that now, he seemed to notice everything about Hinata that felt even the slightest bit out of place.

Like the fact that Hinata was a lot less animated when the two of them were alone (like when everyone finished changing before either of them and left the locker room), or that Hinata his voice seemed just a tiny bit shaky around him, or even that he seemed to be letting Kageyama win at some of the things he challenged him to.

Basically, Hinata just wasn't himself. Not around him, at least.

And although Kageyama was a little unnerved and annoyed at this, he couldn't help feeling grateful. There was no way he'd be able to interact normally with Hinata anymore, without Noya-san's voice echoing in his brain: "I think Shouyou likes you. Like, likes you."

It was satisfying to know that he wasn't the only one getting flustered.

It was no surprise that everyone else noticed. Noya-san seemed to understand, having been the one to drop the bomb. He gave Kageyama a somewhat apologetic look " like it was going to help now " while the rest of them looked between him and Hinata, with similar expressions of apparent confusion.

Hinata seemed to not notice, or maybe he was just pretending not to, behaving the same as he always did. Kageyama glared at anyone who asked him what was wrong.

"Are you PMS-ing?" Tsukishima asked, snickering at his disgusted expression. Yamaguchi laughed out loud and Tsukishima told him to shut up, it wasn't funny.

Kageyama swore under his breath and stomped off to stand in his position as setter, yelling at Hinata to come and spike his tosses, because they had to practice, how else were they going to win nationals?

Hinata was standing next to Yachi. He looked at Kageyama, took in the murderous expression, and muttered something under his breath to Yachi before finally sighing and making his way to the court.

This guy likes me, was Kageyama's first thought as Hinata yelled something that sounded like _ORYA! _and hit the ball Kageyama had just tossed. It hit the ground with a loud sound, and Hinata cheered.

"Did you see that, Kageyama?! Did you see that?!" He cried, jumping up and down with excitement, and the second thought flowed into his mind: _he's pretty fucking cute._

"I feel sick, I'm going home," Kageyama announced, turning on his heel and leaving the gym.

Everyone watched him leave.

"Did I do something?"

"Yes," Noya-san said, but gave no further explanation. Daichi-san shook his head and called for practice to continue. Hinata frowned and stared at the door Kageyama had just left through.

-oOo-

Kageyama was in trouble.

There was absolutely nothing wrong with admitting that Hinata was cute, because he was. He was short and had that childish innocence that few people his age had anymore, and he was always annoyingly positive about everything, like a kid, and Hinata really _was_ cute. Kageyama had thought about it before as well.

The problem here, was that now, said cute person was apparently crushing on him, and the thought made Kageyama squirm in what was not necessarily a bad way.

He lay in bed, having already decided he wasn't going to school

tomorrow. His phone lay next to him, plugged into the charger and Kageyama considered texting Hinata to tell him he wasn't coming â€" solely because Hinata was the only one who he thought wouldn't find it weird that he texted, and because he didn't have anyone else's number, but just as he reached out for the phone, it pinged.

From: Hinata

u okay? r u comng to skl tmrw?

Kageyama stared at the screen, cringing at Hinata's horrible texting style until his vision went blurry. He turned the phone off and put it aside.

Hinata Shouyou was cute, but Kageyama would not be affected by it. But Hinata Shouyou also happened to be affected by Kageyama, which made the whole thing so much harder to live with.

"Hinata Shouyou likes me," he said out loud in the quiet of his room and felt heat rising up the back of his neck. It felt so much more real when he heard the words in his voice, rather than in his head. It felt nice saying Hinata's first name, and he drifted off to sleep wondering if and when Hinata would be okay with him calling him Shouyou from now on.

-oOo-

He showed up late to school the next day, and apparently, so did Hinata.

"Kageyama!" Hinata exclaimed, upon seeing him and rushed to walk by his side. Kageyama stepped a little to the side, making sure there was no physical contact. "Did you finish math homework?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I was sick." I was having a mental breakdown trying to get over the fact that you're in love with me and you're also extremely cute but I don't like you and I'm not affected at all.

Hinata pouted. "I didn't do mine so I thought I'd copy yours." He paused for a second. "Actually, you'd probably have all your answers wrong, so never mind."

Kageyama scowled but didn't respond. The bell rang and Hinata grabbed his arm, sending something like electricity shooting up his skin, pulling him towards the doors. "We're going to be late!"

The possibility of getting a tardy slip didn't bother Kageyama as much as Hinata's fingers wrapped around his wrist did. He pried himself away once inside the doors and silently made his way to class. Hinata babbled on, following him, and Kageyama wondered why he was the one being so awkward if it was Hinata who had the crush.

-oOo-

Hinata sat on the bench, watching Kageyama toss for Tanaka-san. He

stared at Kageyama's face, sweat sliding down the side, scrunched up in concentration. Kageyama bit his lip when Tanaka-san hit the ball and said something Hinata didn't hear, because he was too busy imagining those lips pressed against his own, Kageyama's rare genuine smiles becoming more frequent and directed at him.

His foot hurt. He'd stepped on a thumbtack by accident, and couldn't play for the day. Yachi was sitting next to him, studying for some test she had tomorrow.

"You should tell him," she said, and he started. "It's probably not healthy for you to keep it inside and still try to act normal."

"But how?"

Yachi shrugged and gave him a smile. "It's probably a lot easier than you think it would be."

Hinata turned his attention back to Kageyama, took in his appearance, his voice, recalled the way he behaved and spoke and decided that with the intensity of his feelings, there was no way he could keep up with being himself, without somehow accidentally letting it slip. It probably was unhealthy. He wanted to keep his friendship with Kageyama, because despite what Yachi believed, he didn't think Kageyama looked at him the same way.

-oOo-

Kageyama noted it immediately.

He stood frozen and watched Hinata continue walking because Hinata Shouyou had just walked past him and not jumped on his back or punched him in the arm as means of saying hello.

Hinata Shouyou had ignored Kageyama Tobio.

(The name still sent a weird feeling through him.)

He frowned to himself and followed the sight of Hinata's head "not much of a feat, given his vivid hair colour" until it disappeared into one of the classrooms. He stood rooted to the spot until someone pushed him and told him to get on with it.

He told himself Hinata just hadn't seen him, which is why he'd been 'ignored' "not ignored, Hinata just hadn't seen him, and you can't ignore something if you don't acknowledge it in the first place. But that only made him feel worse. He hadn't been acknowledged? But Hinata liked him, didn't he? Hinata's supposed to notice him everywhere because that's what people do when they have a crush on someone.

Either way, he just hadn't been seen, he told himself, as he walked on to class.

But that wasn't true, and he knew it. And he confirmed it to himself "not that he ever really believed it anyway, but he'd hoped" when Hinata didn't say anything to him during practice, or after practice, or even on the walk they had to take together to the fork before they went their separate ways.

He considered yelling and asking him what the fuck was his problem, but kept his distance, because Noya-san's voice was still echoing in his brain: Shouyou likes you, Shouyou likes you, Shouyou likes youâ€|_

That, and the fact that Hinata's face was pink, and his hands were shoved into his pockets and he just looked really cute at that exact point in timeâ€"

Kageyama mentally slapped himself. Dangerous territory, stay out.

He wondered what Hinata was thinking. Did he ever practice confessing in front of the mirror?

Kageyama, I like you. He wondered how it would sound coming from Hinata. How would he say it? Shy and quiet, blushing and staring at his feet? Nah, he'd probably be bold like always, and yell it at him, as if it was something Kageyama had done wrong.

He waved goodbye once they reached the fork and watched in fascination as Hinata nodded, still blushing before going up the hill to his house.

How would Kageyama respond anyway? I'm sorry, I don't like you? Somehow that just felt wrong, but he didn't like Hinata, so why was that?

He remembered watching an anime once, about some girl who was desperately in love with a guy. It used to air during that half hour between coming home from school and leaving for practice, so he used to watch it while eating. The girl was stupid and ninety percent of the show was about how much she wished she could kiss him.

Was Hinata like that? Did he wish he could kiss him? Did he ever create scenarios in his head about kissing Kageyama, being in a relationship with Kageyama? Did he ever think about â€" he hated himself for even coming up with the thought â€" having sex with Kageyama?

It was disturbing and it was only then that he decided he needed to stop thinking about it, because now his mind was infested with images of two figures â€" of which one was him and the other was Hinata â€" kissing and doing other unspeakable things.

His mother asked him if he was sick when he came inside and he told her it was nothing. He heard his father say something about adolescent sexual frustration before he closed his door and almost died of embarrassment and shock because fuck it, he was not sexually frustrated. Especially not over Hinata. He didn't even like Hinata.

"I don't like Shouyou." The name still felt amazing to say out loud. Shouyou. He thought of Hinata saying his first name. It wasn't hard to try and imagine the way his lips would move, form his name: Tobio.

His face burnt and he buried it into the pillow to muffle the scream he let out. He did not. Like. Hinata.

But the images from before still floated around in his head as he lay down to sleep that night, seeped into his dreams and when he woke up, panting and breathless, he wondered if that was even true anymore.

-oOo-

If anyone noticed that they were not themselves, they didn't let on. Nobody asked him why he was being pissy, and nobody asked Hinata why the interaction with Kageyama had gone from 99.9 to zero. They probably assumed it was his pissy-ness, Kageyama thought, and it only made him more annoyed.

Stupid Hinata with his cute, innocent face that made everyone put him in the wrong.

He tossed harder than he normally did, and nobody managed to spike any of his tosses. Suga-san said something about how amazing he was as a setter, but the spikers didn't seem to appreciate it too much. Nor did Daichi-san who'd been hit by the ball twice.

Hinata didn't try to spike any of his tosses at all.

Kageyama yelled at Tsukishima for bringing up some 'king' comment again, and stomped off to the locker rooms. It was a surprise that Noya-san and Yachi were in there. For a second, he wondered if there was something going on between the two of them, but Noya-san looked happy he was there.

"There he is," he said, pulling Kageyama to sit down on one of the benches. "We were just talking about you."

"What."

"And your situation with Shouyou."

Shouyou. The name felt nice. He wanted to say it out loud again, but he bit his lip in time.

"My situation with Shouy - Hinata?"

"He really, really likes you," Yachi said. "He'd probably kill me if he found out I told you, but he does, and it's actually not healthy because he's convinced that you think of him as nothing more than just a friend, if not as low as just a spiker."

Kageyama gaped. Is that what Hinata thought? He was a mere 'friend'? Or a spiker? He thought back to all the times he'd looked at Hinata and concluded that this guy was the only person who had ever gotten him to open up, who had ever made him feel comfortable, who had ever managed to worm his way into Kageyama's circle of worries and concerns.

He thought back to last night, to the insanely vivid dreams he had about special circumstances involving Hinata's lips and his, and felt his face flush.

"Why are you blushing, Kageyama?"

"I'm not," he said through gritted teeth, but all of them knew it was

a lie.

"Well, whatever," Noya-san said, "But you should probably do something about this."

Kageyama nodded. Yachi left and he turned to his locker, Noya-san to his, just as the rest of the team came in, babbling about everything in the world.

Kageyama was enormously aware of Hinata changing next to him. He tried to keep his eyes to himself, but managed to glimpse Hinata's naked torso. He'd seen Hinata shirtless before, but with the knowledge of potential feelings from his side, and confirmed infatuation from Hinata's, it was enough to send a shiver down his spine, bringing back the wildness of his imagination, and he had to turn to the other side.

Hinata looked at him, as he turned away, confused but grateful, because he really wasn't sure how to handle being naked in front of Kageyama.

-oOo-

For the coming five days, Kageyama did everything he could to stop himself from thinking about one Hinata Shouyou, but as fate had it, the shorter was seating right in front of him during classical literature " which he had everyday - and considering how boring the class was, there was nothing else to think about.

In fact, it was so mind-numbing that he actually welcomed the thought of Hinata's flushed face, as Kageyama imagined it to be like after a heavy make-out session. With who, Kageyama didn't dare to ponder on, because the only one he could come up with was himself, and that was taboo.

Or maybe it shouldn't be taboo. Hinata was confirmed to have a crush on him, wasn't he? And Kageyama couldn't help but think about it, considering it was about him. It didn't mean he had a crush on Hinata too.

What was so wrong with having a crush on Hinata, though? He was cute; Kageyama had admitted this to himself ages ago. He was easy to get along with, and he was fun, and he was the only person who could actually spike Kageyama's tosses. There was nothing wrong with liking Hinata.

Except there was. He had no idea what it was, but he refused to accept that he may just think the same of Hinata as Hinata did of him. He hit his head on the desk, catching everyone's attention, and ignored the teacher's comments as he muttered " very softly, so as nobody should hear " to himself, "I don't like Hinata Shouyou, I do not like Hinata Shouyou, fuck you for being so cute." He got sent out of the classroom for it, and Hinata gave him a weird look, but he didn't mind, because finally, he was not sitting behind Hinata and he was not imagining having his lips pressed against softer, fuller ones.

Or that's what he told himself. Because until that night, as he lay in bed, he was.

-oOo-

Kageyama's dreams woke him up before the alarm. He lay in bed, panting, staring at the ceiling because that dream had come to him four times in a row now.

He cursed Noya-san for telling him about it. He cursed Yachi for making it a bigger deal to him than it already was. He cursed Hinata for having the stupid crush in the first place, and himself, for being so affected by it.

And most of all, he cursed the fact that he was slowly coming to terms with the fact that this whole thing might not be so one-sided anymore, and that there were sure signs of something close to crushes coming from the other side as well.

The alarm clock screeched and he fell out of his bed, glaring at the stupid thing before turning it off. The floor was hard and now his arm hurt. He stood up, picked the pillow off the bed, screamed into it before setting it back and leaving to get ready for school.

He tried to imagine it as Hinata's face when he came back to collect his bag, thinking maybe he could punch it and get all his frustration out, but Hinata's face seemingly didn't appear very punch-able â€" more kissable, and he pinched himself in the arm for it.

"Shouyou," he said to himself, as he did every morning and every night, and pretty much every second he was alone anymore, and fought the blush off his face as his mother brought breakfast to the table.

"You look red, Tobio-chan," she told him. "Are you okay?"

"M'fine." But he wasn't really. He had a severe case of crushitis and the recent diagnosis wasn't helping. He thought of Hinata saying his name, and decided Hinata probably had those moments where he'd act like Kageyama was acting and say his name.

The only people who called him 'Tobio' were his parents and relatives. And Oikawa-san, but he could go rot in hell. He wouldn't mind being called Tobio. As long as he was allowed to call the other by their first name. And the only one whose first name he really wanted to use at the moment was Shouyou â€" Shouyou, not Hinata â€" and acknowledging this fact made him want to throw up.

"Not hungry," he told his mother and ran out of the house before she could protest. He'd be in trouble later, but right now he needed some fresh air.

-oOo-

Noya-san seemed to understand his frustrations â€" good, he should, he was the cause of them â€" and told everyone to lay off when they started picking on him for being pissy. He wasn't being pissy anyway; he just didn't have a Hinata to balance out the pissy-ness he normally exuded.

But Noya-san was only around during practice, and Kageyama noticed that people in the hallways shied away from him as he passed. They clearly noticed the absence of an overenthusiastic idiot, and

Kageyama was somewhat thankful that he didn't have to deal with questions, but it was a little disconcerting. He wasn't that scary.

The teachers didn't care about the 'change' in mood " what change?" and continued being as blunt and sharp with him as ever. He stared at the board. Story writing. How fun. Not.

He wrote about the adventures of an orange haired, blue eyed boy called Kageyama Shouyou, and if the teacher thought anything about it " which she probably did, given the looks he and Hinata received next lesson " she didn't say.

At least someone knew about his frustrations.

-oOo-

It was during practice on a nice sunny day that it happened.

Hinata served, hit Kageyama's face with the ball and blanched. He mumbled an apology and left the gym. Kageyama stood rooted to his spot, holding his face, which now hurt.

Suga-san asked if he was okay. Tsukishima, Tanaka and Noya-san were laughing; Daichi-san shook his head in annoyance. He hated how they only focused on him being hurt, and not Hinata, who had clearly acted out of character by simply mumbling an apology and leaving. There was no apparent terror, like he normally would have. No screeching sorries, no praying for his life, no overly dramatic reaction at all.

Equal parts angry at being hurt and at the fact that nobody seemed to call Hinata out on his weirdness, Kageyama stormed off to the locker rooms where he found Hinata Shouyou sitting gloomily on one of the benches.

"What the fuck is your problem?"

Hinata turned around and started. "I-uh" | "wha" | "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hit you!"

Kageyama noticed that the pitch of his voice was a few octaves higher than normal.

"I'm not fucking talking about that, why the fuck are you being so weird?"

Hinata took a deep breath and looked him in the eye. "I'm not being weird."

"Yes, you are." He glared at the shorter who covered and for a second, everything felt like it was before this whole crush business started. But then Kageyama saw the faint blush on Hinata's cheeks, noted the hesitation in his voice, and everything came rushing back to him. "You're not fucking being yourself around me, and I demand to know why."

"I " "

"And actually, I already fucking know why, but I want you to tell

me."

Hinata squeaked at that, turning a magnificent shade of scarlet that Kageyama saved in his memory because oh god, how cute do you get?

"You â€" Iâ€|what?"

"You like me," He said, pointing an accusing finger at him. "You're in love with me, I already know."

There was an awkward silence that settled in the empty room. Kageyama watched Hinata squirm under his gaze, trying to find an appropriate response for a statement as blunt as that. He wondered if maybe he should be the one to say something, since Hinata was clearly at a loss for words.

The door opened behind them and the rest of the team came piling in, some asking if Kageyama's face was okay, and others telling Hinata that it was a miracle he was still alive. Noya-san looked at him, raised an eyebrow and snickered when Kageyama scowled.

Hinata laughed along with everyone, suddenly back to normal.

Kageyama killed himself internally over how well everything could have gone â€" how _close _he was to actually confronting Hinata about the crush and maybe, just maybe, admitting that there might even be something from his side. _Maybe._

He forgot about the fact that he and Hinata had to walk to the fork together, until they rest of the team turned right at the gate, and they turned left.

The awkward, suffocating silence returned. He sneaked a look at Hinata, who was blushing like crazy, and felt his own cheeks heat up. The walk was quiet and they walked at least a foot's distance away from each other. It was right when he saw the fork coming up that he decided this was his only chance and that he really needed to stop being so stupid and childish about this. Also Hinata, but Hinata was childish and stupid all the time, so it didn't really count.

"Shouyou," he called, as Hinata started climbing the hill. The other stopped in his tracks. Then he slowly turned to look at him, face still red.

"Whatâ€|?"

"You know yourâ€|thing?" He couldn't say _crush_ out loud, it sounded so embarrassing. "You're not the only one who'sâ€|uhâ€|in that situation." He turned to his path, face aflame, not daring to look at Hinata's face. "Make of that what you will."

And then he marched off nonchalantly down the street to his house, where he told his mother he was a teenage boy who needed privacy and would she please stop asking him if he was okay, he was _fine_, and buried his face in his pillow.

Did he _really_ just do that? Why was _he_ the one to confess, if it

was _Hinata_ who had the crush first? How unfair could life get, anyway? Stupid Hinata.

He had almost fallen asleep when he realized something: he had called Hinata 'Shouyou'.

-oOo-

"Oy, Kageyama!"

He didn't stop to turn at the extremely familiar voice, and instead fled inwards towards the classrooms, where such a topic couldn't be discussed.

He made it a point to never remain alone with Hinata for the rest of the day, while his mind repeatedly made fun of him for having said 'Shouyou'.

He ignored everyone's remarks and comments about how he was even more of a pissbaby today, and focused on the fact that he was going to nationals. It was his dream, right?

No, his brain corrected, it's not just your dream, it's also Hinata's dream.

He glared at the other, who raised an eyebrow, making him blush. Maybe he should just go home for the day.

And so he did, but he didn't expect Hinata to leave practice too.

"I have a test tomorrow," he'd said, and that was the truth. Tanaka-san and Tsukishima laughed and asked what he'd eaten to not only be aware of the test, but to actually study for it as well. Suga-san scolded them for discouraging him and Daichi-san said it was a good thing and that sure, he should go.

It was then that Hinata piped up: "Classical literature, right? I'm in your class, so oh my god, I have a test too!"

Kageyama didn't need to pay attention to the rest of his babble to know he wouldn't be walking home alone. And so he didn't, which is why he found himself walking as far away from Hinata as he could, face burning.

"Hey, Ka-uh-Tobio," Hinata said, voice small. Kageyama's heart jumped when he heard the name. From Hinata's lips, in Hinata's voice, as part of real life and not just his overactive imagination. "We're friends, right?"

"Uh. Yeah? Obviously."

"But I like you, right?" Well, yeah. Kageyama blushed harder, how was he supposed to respond to that? "And you like me?"

"-so?"

"So," there was a pause, "Maybe we should-be like, more than just-friends."

"Are you asking me out?"

"I guess so?"

Kageyama stopped, causing Hinata to stop as well, and look up at him curiously. "What?"

"_You_ are not going to ask _me_ out, after all the trouble I went through in trying to figure out a way to do the same," Kageyama growled, and then he grabbed Hinata by the arm, pulled him close and pressed his lips clumsily to Hinata's.

He pulled away as suddenly as he had done it, head pounding. He was sure he'd die and Hinata's look of surprise, as well as the knowledge that those parted lips had just come into contact with his, made him everything worse. Or maybe better?

"Shouyou, fuck you."

"That's not very nice," Hinata said, and smiled, cupping his face with his small hands, and bringing it down for another kiss.

Kageyama recalled his dreams, thought about the fact that this was suddenly reality; he opened his eyes and looked down at Hinata, whose face was dusted pink, eyes closed. He could count the eyelashes from this proximity, but didn't bother. He closed his eyes and let himself melt into the kiss.

"See you tomorrow," Hinata said, when they finally pulled away for air. Kageyama watched as he left, taking his bike up the hill, waving goodbye with a happy smile on his face.

It wasn't until he got home that he realized he was smiling too.

~oOo-

Extra:

"Yachi said your crush on me was borderline unhealthy."

"I - what the â€" wha â€" noâ€"!"

Kageyama smirks and kisses Hinata, who is lying on top of him. They are lying on Hinata's bed, having just turned the Playstation off after an intense game in which Kageyama thoroughly destroyed Hinata's character.

"It's okay," he tells his boyfriend. "I think it's cute."

"_You_ were infatuated too!"

"Yeah, but you liked me first, soâ€"!"

"Damn you, Kageyama."

Kageyama snickers, brings Hinata's face close to his, and mumbles, "Say _my_ _name_, Shouyou."

Hinata blushes and kisses Kageyama instead, mumbling "Tobioâ€" just

as Kageyema's hands come up to fist his hair, and his tongue comes to meet Hinata's.

The happiness that surges through Kageyama's body is indescribable.

* * *

><p>thanks for reading :) review please!<p>

End
file.